

HOW THE POOR PIG SHEPHERD WON THE RICH PRINCESS

WHERE was it? Where was it not? Somewhere in the world it was. Beyond the Operentz sea, this side the glass mountains, there was an in-fallen, outfallen stove without a bit of a wall. Where it was good it was bad, where it was bad it was good, and yet in it doughnuts were frying in 77 pans. Three gipsy lads took all the doughnuts and carried them away in their shirts. Now, more I can not invent. It is best, perhaps, that I tell what I am going to tell right away.

Once there was a poor woman who had a son. He was set to tend pigs, but did not do it, and instead did mischief wherever and whenever he could. The poor mother tried all sorts of things, but nothing would do, for he simply did not mind anything; he did not care, and, to tell the truth, he was a miserable rascal.

Now, this good for nothing of a pig shepherd once heard that the king was going to give his daughter to the one who was able to hide himself so his daughter could not find him. "Well, little pig shepherd," he said to himself, "now get at it; much you can win with a little ability."

Immediately he packed a knapsack full of ashcake, threw his embroidered szur (the Hungarian peasant mantle) over his shoulder and started on his journey. He walked and walked, wandered over stick and stone, over mountain and valley, through wood and plain, until the ashcake grew less and less, but the king's castle he could not find. Thus he wandered for a week. Finally he had eaten up the last piece of his ashcake and had seen nothing. Thirst, too, tormented him badly. For want of water his tongue was like a raw doughnut. What was to be done? To perish miserably? Had he known this he had never left home!

In wandering on and on he at last struck a well; upon its edge two doves were sitting.

Said the lad: "Well, you two doves, I am going to eat you now, for I am almost dead of hunger!" "Don't eat us, little pig shepherd!" begged the little doves. "Rather pull up a pail of water, for we are very thirsty. For your good deed expect good!"

The two doves begged so piteously that he really did not eat them. He went to the well and with the pail drew up the water. After he, too, had refreshed himself with the good, cold water he went on.

Well, now, thirsty he was no longer, but his hunger was even worse than it had been before he saw the doves.

In a desert somewhere in his wandering he met a lame fox. "Lame fox, this and that ought to happen to me if I don't eat you," said the lad. The lame fox begged and begged the little pig shepherd not to eat him. He was "just taking some food to his little sons, and for your good deed expect, good little pig shepherd, I can yet be of help to you!" said the lame fox.

Although the eyes fell almost out of his head from sheer hunger, yet the lad did not do the fox any harm.

On and on jogged and staggered the little pig shepherd; over fields and seeds and stubble fields his way led. Now the last crumbs from his knapsack he had scratched together and eaten up. But what were they for a hungry boy? He tottered to the right, he tottered to the left; he truly thought he never could go on to his destination.

On the way he came to a pond. He looked around as though by chance somebody might be there, but there was nobody; so he went down to the shore and saw a little fish sprawling at the edge of the water. Eagerly he reached for it and took the little fish into his hand.

"Do not eat me, little pig shepherd!" said the fish. "I can reward your kindness some time. For a while the lad kept looking at the fish. How lovely it was, with the sun shining upon its scales, that glistened like pure silver! He had pity on it, and put it back into the water.

Now, whether you believe it or not, I tell you it's a miserable thing to be hungry! By this time the little pig shepherd was sincerely sorry ever to have left home. But, of course, it was too late to care, and if the skies tumbled down he was not going to turn back. Again he found a well with two doves sitting upon the edge. "Surely this time I am not going to be so silly," he said, "neither will I ask man or



SHE SAW THE LITTLE PIG SHEPHERD STAND RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER

beast, but I am going to eat you up on the spot!"

Then the two doves again implored him to spare them and not to eat them just this one time; they surely would render him a valuable service for this kindness.

"Indeed, you always try to persuade me, and I am silly enough to listen to you; but this time you don't demand—or do you—to have me starve on your account?" said the lad.

He reached for the doves, but they begged and entreated enough to melt a

stone, and so at last he spared them, drew them a bucket of water, helped himself to it and went on.

But now he really thought he was about to die of hunger.

At last he reached the palace and at the door the king was standing.

The little pig shepherd greeted him modestly and the king thanked him graciously.

"How do you happen to come to this place, where not even a bird comes?" said the king. "What are you seeking here?"

THE AGE OF HANDCUFFS

In Latin poetry is to be found the first recorded instance of the use of handcuffs, for the poet tells us that Proteus was thus fettered and rendered powerless by Aristeus, who apparently knew that even the gods themselves were not proof against this form of persuasion.

In the fourth century B. C. an army of victorious Greeks found several chariots full of handcuffs among the baggage of the defeated Carthaginians, and it is highly probable that the ancient Egyptians had some contrivance of the kind. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "handcop," whence comes evidently the slang term "copper."

In earliest Saxon days "handcops" were used for nobles and "footcops" for kings, but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the word is supplanted by the term "shack bolt" and "swivel manacle," and the instruments were as cumbersome as the names by which they were known.

Up to the middle of the last century there were two kinds of handcuffs in general use. One, known as the "flexible," was very like those which are still used; the other kind, called the "figure eight," was used to restrain violent prisoners. It was so fashioned

that the captive could not move his hands and was universally dreaded, for the pain caused by a limb immovably held is almost unbearable.

A simple but powerful device for securing prisoners was the "twister," now abolished owing to the injuries it inflicted. It consisted of a chain with handles at each end. The chain was put around the wrists, the handles brought together and twisted until a firm grip was obtained. The least struggle on the part of the captive and the chains bit deep into his wrists. Of the same nature, but made of wire, is "la ligote," while in an emergency whipcord has proved perfectly satisfactory.

The handcuff used in some parts of eastern Europe is most primitive. It consists of a V shaped piece of metal, in which the wrists are inserted, the open ends being then drawn together by means of a cross hook, which must be kept taut the whole time. The most handy form of cuff, which is in general use at present, comes from America, says an English paper. It is lighter and much less clumsy than the old "flexible."

It is no easy matter to clap the "bracelets" on a person who is struggling violently. Inventors should turn their attention to the subject, for much remains to be done before the fighting prisoner can be quickly and strongly secured without harm to himself or his captor.

INVENTIONS BY ACCIDENT

The number of useful articles in vogue today that were invented by accident would lead to the conclusion that most conveniences come into being in that way. For example, the porcelain of your bath tub was discovered by an alchemist who was seeking a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, and roast pork came into being through the accidental burning of a pig sty in Scotland together with its inmates.

When Marshall Jewell was minister to Russia he discovered the secret of making Russia leather by his sense of smell. The Russians use birch bark tar in dressing skins instead of tallow and grease. By literally following his nose one day on a visit to a large Russian tannery, Jewell chanced upon the secret compound in a large kettle. He recognized the odor of the birch bark and reported the discovery to his government. As a result, genuine Russia leather goods are now being made in this country.

A hen once walked through a clay puddle and then into a sugar house and left tracks of her muddy feet on a pile of sugar. Wherever her tracks were it was noticed the sugar was whitened. After a number of experiments it was found that wet clay was valuable in refining sugar.

The wife of an English paper maker once let a blue cloth bag fall by acci-

dent into one of the vats of pulp. She was so frightened when her husband became enraged because of the blue tint of the paper resulting that she did not confess her agency in the affair. For four years the damaged paper was stored as a dead loss. Finally the manufacturer sent to a London agent and instructed him to sell it at any price. The paper was an instantaneous hit with the buyers and large additional orders were received. The maker was in a dilemma, for he did not know how to reproduce it. Fortunately he was a man who took his wife into his confidence, she revealed the inward facts in the case and their fortunes were made.

EACH TO HIS TRADE

The incubator knows its tricks, Yet it can learn a lot. It can't be beat for hatching chicks, But can't hatch a plot.

"It's disgusting," said Mrs. Waldo Beaconhill of Boston; "the makers of children's blocks never think of putting Greek letters on them; and there's my poor little Emerson simply dying of ennui for the want of a good fairy tale in words of moderately extensive syllabification."

Teacher—Tom, spell napkin.
Tom—N-a-p-k-i-n, napkin.
Teacher—Right. Define napkin, Tom.
Tom—Napkin is what we use when we have company.

Then the little pig shepherd told him all from beginning to end and why he had come.

"All right, my son, all right," said the king; "but do you see the 99 human heads upon these pales? Yours will be the hundredth if you can not hide yourself!"

But the little pig shepherd was not to be daunted. "I'll try it anyhow," he said briefly.

In the palace the little pig shepherd told the maids how dreadfully hungry he was and asked them to give him some scraps of food, no matter what it was, and they brought him as much as he could eat.

Early the next morning the king came to him and suggested that he would better hide himself before his daughter waked up, for when once she was up he surely could not hide himself in her presence.

Hurriedly he dressed himself, and while looking by chance out of the window he saw the two doves he had first met. He opened the window and they commenced to speak: "Come on, quickly; we'll carry you away!"

Without hesitating, the little pig shepherd confided himself to them. Wind like they flew right straight behind the sun's back.

About this time the princess, too, got ready and went into the garden. There she picked the most beautiful rose, turned about on her heel and said: "Come forth, little pig shepherd! There you are, behind the sun's back!"

My goodness! Did you ever see such anger as now ate up the little pig shepherd? And on top of it he was scared, too; but what on earth could he do? So he crawled forth from behind the sun's back and went straight into the kitchen.

The second day dawned. The little pig shepherd got up and went to the window. There on his tiptoes was standing the lame fox, already waiting for him. Immediately the lad finished dressing, opened the window and went with the fox, who carried him seven fathoms deep under the earth.

A little later the princess again went into the garden, picked the most beautiful rose, turned about on her heel and said:

"Come forth, little pig shepherd! You are seven fathoms deep under the earth."

What was to be done? He crept out from there, too.

The third day he went out to the little fish in the pond. To be quite sure that the hiding place would be secure the fish took the little pig shepherd into the remotest corner of the pond. "Now, here she can't find me, when even eyesight can not reach this place," he thought to himself.

But the princess went into the garden, picked the most beautiful rose, turned about on her heel and immediately called the little pig shepherd from out of the pond.

"Now, it's all up with me! I am lost! the hundredth pale is mine now," said the little pig shepherd to himself again and again. "Since she has found me this time how am I to hide myself a fourth time without her finding me right away?" He lay down to sleep and to rest but could find neither sleep nor rest. He rolled and threw himself from one side to the other all night.

The following morning at dawn he saw the two white doves at his window. When they perceived him one flew away, while the other remained.

He let in the dove, who said: "Come quickly; you are going to turn into a beautiful rose, and so will I." So it happened.

A little later all the rosebuds opened wonderfully, and here and there flowers were blooming in the garden.

Presently the princess came down into the garden, and searched and searched for the most beautiful rose, and just look! there were two which looked like twins. She picked both, and put them into her bodice.

Then she turned upon her heel, but the little pig shepherd was not in evidence; she turned again, but neither did she see him this time.

"Well, now, father! I can't see the little pig shepherd," said the princess. He has hidden himself so well that I can not find him."

"You don't say it!" cried the king. "You don't say it! Just turn about on your heel once more; perhaps you'll see him now."

So the girl turned for the third time, but she might have turned who knows how often and yet she never would have found the little pig shepherd.

Suddenly one of the roses flew up from the girl's bodice and became a dove and the other rose changed into the pig shepherd.

My, how the princess's eyes opened when she saw the little pig shepherd standing right in front of her! Then the little pig shepherd embraced her and said:—"My beautiful darling! I am yours, you are mine. The spade only shall part us!" They embraced and kissed one another. Upon that the little pig shepherd turned into a lad a hundred times handsomer than he had been.

In fact, both looked like beautiful flowers. Then they got married and were very happy. The little pig shepherd became so elegant a man that you couldn't find a pair to him, and the girl a beautiful woman. May be they are living yet if they have not died.